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Shakespeare on the Screen

BY JULIAN ARTHUR AND BARNES HUTCHINSON

SHAKESPEARE in motion pictures. Surely a matter for speculation! From two widely divergent quarters comes the echo of the questions that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks must answer — and have answered.

Lovers of Shakespeare ask, "Will it be Shakespeare?" The regular movie-goer asks, "Will it be entertainment?" The answer to both questions is, "Yes."

"Taming of the Shrew" has been good entertainment for three centuries. It is such a rollicking, straightforward, human story that it could not fail to entertain. The real problem was in translating it into terms of the motion picture while still retaining the flavor and spirit of Shakespeare.

The editors of the Pickford-Fairbanks organization realized that certain arbitrary requirements of the screen might possibly clash with the no less rigid orthodoxy of Shakespearean tradition. In this respect there could be no compromise. The production must be screen material and it must be Shakespeare.

The manner in which the story was shaped to conform with both these rigid circumscriptions is interesting. Where changes were made to conform to the demands of the screen it was essential that authority and precedent justify them.

Straight into the channels of research they plunged, finding that every version of "Taming of the Shrew," from Lacy to Booth, differed according to the interpretations of the adapter. Lacy, Garrick, and the French star, Coquelin played "Taming of the Shrew" according to their own fancy, never hesitating to revise or delete the original when the whim arose. The degree of departure was in no case conservative, changes running from the injection of foreign

"Such a mad marriage never was before". (Act III, Scene 2)

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in "The Taming of the Shrew"

dialogue to the manhandling of plot and sequence. If Garrick omitted Induction and underplot and even went so far as to change the title to "Catherine and Petruchio," it was because he refused to recognize the liberty taken by Lacy in providing Petruchio with a Scotch servant in place of Grumio, but deliberately took more liberties in his own. The lives of these changed versions were by no means ephemeral. In fact, all survived revivals of the original as late as 1847 and even occupied a place on the American stage until Daly produced his version in 1887.

They found, too, in the Introduction to the Baker Edition, the following paragraph:

> "The 'Taming of the Shrew' in its original form is too long for the modern stage and although 'a very excellent piece of work' its audience imitating the example of Christopher Sly might well wish 'it were done'. The often sorely tried patience of the audience of David Garrick's time, even, were unequal to this feat of endurance and thus it was that this comedian applied to it the pruning-knife and produced the comedy now known under the title of 'Katherine and Petruchio'. Garrick's irreverence in thus laying violent hands on the Bard is mitigated by the fact that this play is of doubtful authorship in many of the scenes. There are parts of it that could have been written by no other poet, but there are quite as many that are undoubtedly un-Shakespearean."

Here, then, was suggested a solution of the first major problem faced by the motion pictures. The difficulty of making a screen adaptation that would remain within the time limit prescribed by custom as a photoplay's running time could be eliminated by following in the footsteps of Garrick himself. Unquestionably, "pruning" was necessary and justifiable. But whereas Garrick cut and slashed at will, with no regard for the feelings of Shakespearean savants, it was the plan of Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks to revise only where necessary.

The right of revision was further encouraged by such authorities as Leland Powers, and by the distinguished French actor, Coquelin. In the case of the former a good example is drawn by a comparison of the first act with that of the original. The Leland Powers version contains, by actual count, 1,857 words in the first act. The first act of the original contains 4,309. Coquelin even exceeded the wildest revisions of Garrick in a French version. The literal translation of Coquelin's play makes it difficult for one to believe that it was even based upon Shakespeare's, for there can be found no speech that is all the same, in text, as any other known texts of the comedy. Here is

an example of the dialogue in the French version which appears in act two, scene four:

> *Katherine*—"Why? If these are the customs with him. What do you think? Yesterday, I must marry him. Today, I must not. I am not subject to your whims, sir! If you have changed your mind, I do not care, and if they make fun of me, 'twill be too bad for you. 'Tis you who wanted it, and were the good gentleman a monkey, I would still marry him, and you would have little monkeys for grandchildren."

All of which is granted, even by the most liberal minded, as being quite foreign to Shakespeare.

Among other methods utilized by every great player of Shakespeare to cut down the length of the performance has been the elimination of many minor characters, the transplanting of their "sides" to the mouths of major characters in such a way as to speed up the action materially. Again, Leland Powers assumes an authority for an inexcusably radical move. He reduced his cast to six major characters (without the Induction), as compared to the fourteen in the original.

Following the lead of such predecessors. Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks approached the "Shrew" with the feeling that even a screen version need not go to such lengths as certain stage adaptations. They had the right to revise but the ideal interpretation of "Taming of the Shrew" must be one that could be shown as a motion picture in one and one-half hours and still retain the spirit, sparkle and atmosphere of the original Shakespeare. Could it be a presentation which was steeped in the traditions of the theatre, so scholarly as to appear like a ghost in regal robes—splendid in clothing but entirely devoid of the flesh and blood of humanness? No. It must be a dramatic tapestry, woven in fine ensemble with all the threads provided by Shakespeare himself, the scope of the motion picture camera, and the sound-recording apparatus.

To Director Sam Taylor, a graduate of Fordham University, was assigned the task of adapting the original to the needs of the screen. Back of him, and sitting in judgment from their respective viewpoints, were Thomas Patton, the noted Shakespearean authority, John Craig, a member of the original Daly company, Constance Collier, one of London's favorite Shakespearean actresses, and, of course, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

"Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach". (Act IV, Scene 1)

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in "The Taming of the Shrew"

At the start, they agreed with Garrick that the Induction could be eliminated, feeling that it, in no way, adds to the motivation of the story proper.

They next decided that, although it was necessary to eliminate some of the characters, the Leland Powers version went beyond all bounds in its ruthless deletion of picturesque background players and in so doing destroyed the color and atmosphere which is as much Shakespeare in spirit as in his dialogue. For this same reason, Coquelin's version was discarded bodily. It was not Shakespeare in any fundamental attribute. They could not agree either with Garrick or with Powers in eliminating entirely the romance between Hortensio and Bianca.

They saw that it would be folly, in the motion picture version, to transplant scenes as some of the later stage versions seem to sanction. For example, in the original, Petruchio, in meeting his Paduan friends, Hortensio and Gremio, makes the following speech outside Hortensio's home:

> "Why came I hither, but to that intent?
> Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
> Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
> Have I not heard the sea, puffed with winds,
> Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
> Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
> And Heaven's artillery thunder in the sky?
> Have I not in the pitched battle heard
> Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
> And do you tell me of a woman's tongue!"

Garrick took the liberty of transplanting this scene and speech to a room in Baptista's house. Here Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks again disagreed, preferring to follow the original play. Consequently, in the screen play, the words of Petruchio will be spoken at Hortensio's.

Then came consideration of the Banquet scene. They saw that a tremendous loss of color would be the result of following Garrick and Hanford-James in omitting it, and here again sacrificing Shakespearean flavor.

They saw in the Wedding scene an opportunity to utilize to the fullest extent the magnificent scope and sweep of the motion picture camera. For three centuries it has been one of the comedy highlights of the play, even though it was but a word picture, and this because of the limitations of the stage. How wonderful to let the audience actually see the delightful scene, enjoy the clowning of Petruchio and the storming of the vexatious Kate during the wedding! This is done in the motion picture. Instead of having

Gremio inform Grumio how Petruchio carried on in front of the wedding guests, stamped on Katherine's foot, and nearly frightened the priest to death, the entire scene is brought to the screen, gorgeous in background and sparkling with humor.

At every opportunity, Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks followed the original play, sacrificing lengthy dialogue only where authority sanctioned, and then only if necessary, thus retaining Shakespeare and augmenting the limited scope of stage versions with the almost limitless range of the motion picture.

The one or two instances where this rule was waived will be found, on analysis, to have been in answer to definite and inescapable demands of screen technique, and solely to emphasize characterization or plot-point.

Here, then, is Shakespeare brought to the screen for the first time, and without offense to any of the traditions that inhere in the great Bard. But this is not all, for a new art form brings an added beauty to the rhythmic speeches and paints a gorgeous background against which his characters move and speak.

The full resources of the camera have been employed to bring to this human story of fifteenth century Italy a setting that removes it from the plane of mere stage illusion. It is, in effect, the glorious, colorful and actual city of Padua.

American Actress in Rôle of Shylock

It cannot be said there is a Shakespeare revival in London just now but the old Vic Theatre remains faithful to the Bard of Avon. An American actress, Lucille La Verne, has startled the town by appearing as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."

This daring feat was accomplished with consummate skill and, although the production may not prove to be a great drawing card to the theater-going public generally, it will be the subject of discussions among connoisseurs of the drama for some time to come. One eminent critic declared Miss La Verne's impersonation of Shylock came nearer as an interpretation of the masculine by a woman than that of Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet, which he saw in London years ago.—*The Christian Science Monitor.*

Shakespeare's Comic Lovers

By Katherine E. Jessup

In its most elastic sense the term comic lovers might easily include all lovers who do not meet tragic fates, for viewed subjectively such lovers are always satisfying and pleasurable, while viewed objectively these same lovers are the embodiment of the contradictions, the unconscious parodies, the contrasts and the misidentifications that in themselves preserve the essence of comedy. For purposes of this paper, however, the term comic lover may be understood to designate a lover who differs from the normally accepted type of romantic lover and who of course bears no relation to the tragic lover. As the standardized romantic lover, if masculine, is always handsome in face and figure, audacious in word and action, temporarily blind to the material and practical, courteously reserved in expressing his own worth, but tinctured with enough of the devil to make him a temptation without endangering his soul, and as his feminine counterpart is always beautiful and modest, seductive but innocent, ingenious rather than intelligent and mercifully forgiving or successfully dissimulative, so the comic lover reveals himself by his very lack of these romantic attributes. The comic lover is comical because he is a contrast to the romantic lover, because he is in a situation in which he does not fit, mentally, physically, or emotionally, and because he himself thinks he is romantic, so far as he thinks at all.

Although the romantic lover never seems to base his love on expediency, the comical lover sometimes uses what wit he has to rationalize what appears normally as an acceptedly irrational proceeding. So Launce, the clownish servant of Proteus in *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* appears as a self-confessed lover, but he proves himself to be a practical one.

> ". . . Yet I am in love, but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who it is I love, and yet 'tis a woman . . ."[1]

Comic as is the idea of love in relation to this fool who finds his sour dispositioned cur a suggestively congenial companion, the comedy is enhanced by the thorough fashion in which Launce has approached his problem. In the most businesslike way he has drawn up in a pseudo-legal document the assets and liabilities of his loved one. In this there is a comic contrast with the romantic lover's blind belief in the divine perfections of his inamorata. To the audience who has heard Valentine in the preceding act rapturously catalogue Silva's charms in dialogue with Proteus the ensuing dialogue is highly amusing:

[1] *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act III, sc. 1.

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.

. . . . . .

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures of the earth. [2]

Launce's prosy parody savours of the ridiculous, for Launce keeps his love in the clearly lighted every day world where virtue consists in being a capable housewife and vice is a paucity of wit, wealth, or teeth.

The introduction of Speed to serve as judicial adviser in determining the present worth of Launce's prospective bride heightens the comic effect still further, for by this device Launce is furnished with an opportunity to follow each pronouncement with his twisted comments which miraculously make the bad points good and the good points better, until in a burst of false logic but true practical loving he convinces himself that wealth will cover all faults, and emerges acquiescent to the match.

A second lover who, like Launce, invests his affections where there seems to be promise of material as well as emotional remuneration is Sir John Falstaff as he appears in *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Quite rationally this fat knight selects Mrs. Ford as a fitting subject for his attentions because she holds her husband's purse strings, but, seeing that a double investment should yield a double revenue, he includes in the circle of his regard Mrs. Page who also is a "region in Guiana, all gold and bounty."[3] From this plan of recouping his fortunes Sir John enters into an amourous campaign which, with its intrigues and counter intrigues, its misidentifications and misapprehensions, its slapstick situations and ludicrous exaggerations, develops as a rollicking farce rather than a romance.

Like Launce, Falstaff as a lover is comical in himself, for not only is he at an age that is incompatible with the "tender passion" but he is an ungainly "mountain of flesh" with a waist "two yards about", so that indeed he seems more fitted to begin, as Doll Tearsheet had suggested in *The Second Part of King Henry IV,*[4] "to patch up (his) old body for heaven" than to begin a

[2] *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act II, sc. 4.
[3] *Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act I, sc. 3.
[4] *Second Part of King Henry IV,* Act II, sc. 4.

love affair. But when there is added to this incongruity the fact that Sir John honestly views himself as the most proper desideratum of all discerning feminine hearts, there is also added a comic element in the ludicrous contrast between this monstrosity's smug satisfaction in his "good points" and the actual efficacy of his supposed charms.

A second type of comical lover that Shakespeare portrays may be designated as the witless-wordless lover type which is illustrated by Thurio in *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Slender in *Merry Wives of Windsor,* and Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night.* This lover, by his inability in bantering, in whispering sweet nothings in his mistress' ear furnishes a comical example of a character trying to do something that by nature he is wholly unfitted to do. Thus in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* when Thurio provokes Valentine to a verbal duel which in spite of twists of meaning and punning seems to be rather of the "I did!" "You didn't!" kind of repartee resorted to by small boys who cannot think of more vituperative retorts, the amusement for the onlooker consists in identifying himself with the cleverer tongue and silently crying,

"And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!' "

Since necessarily Thurio is the first to yield, the audience derives a vicarious satisfaction when Valentine seizes his opponent's rout and turns it prettily in compliment to Lady Silvia.

> Val. You have said, sir.
> Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
> Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
> Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
> Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
> Sil. Who is that, servant?
> Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.[5]

Like Sir Thurio, Slender in *Merry Wives of Windsor* has a fatal deficiency in speech, especially in speech appropriate to the occasion, so that he furnishes a comical contrast between what he manages to mis-say and what would normally be expected. Thus when his cousin Shallow and the Curate have completed their plans to marry this lackadaisical nincompoop to

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[5] *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act II, sc. 4.

the belle of the village, Mistress Anne Page, the prospective wooer assents in a conglomeration of words which are absurdly malapropos:

> *Slen.* I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her,* I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved and dissolutely.[6]

It seems almost a misnomer even to consider Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night* as a lover, since like Slender he not only shows an unusual lack of interest in the progress of his wooing as it is sponsored by Sir Toby, but even seems too indifferent to achieve an audience with his lady, although he is in the same house with her. But Sir Andrew himself confesses that he is a suitor, even if a fainthearted one.

> *Sir And.* Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the count himself here hard by woos her.
>
> *Sir Tob.* She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.
>
> *Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.[2]

Although Sir Andrew fails to secure an opportunity to woo Olivia in person, he manages to display a lack of wit in his conversations with Sir Toby which indicates clearly that with the added strain of an emotional response and without Sir Toby's assiduous prompting he would lose even the weakly echoing speech that he does have. According to his own unintentional but correct statement he is a natural fool:

> *Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
>
> *Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.[7]

The audience immediately recognizes that this affliction is permanent, and Sir Andrew appears ridiculous in the role of lover. Because Sir Andrew is a lover, however, he allows himself to be drawn into another comical situation where he is an egregious misfit. Under Sir Toby's tutelage he is encouraged to challenge Viola, who, masquerading as page Cesario, has gained more favor with Olivia than Sir Andrew has achieved. By a little

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[6] *Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act I, sc. 1.
[7] *Twelfth Night,* Act I, sc. 3.

diplomacy Sir Toby creates a situation in which Sir Andrew under a misapprehension of the skill and bravery of his opponent proves himself an arrant coward in fighting for his lady. In addition to the joyful anticipation provided by the intrigue, there is a comical contrast between Sir Andrew's boasting words before the challenge:

> *Sir And.* And't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate.[8] . . .

and his entire change of heart just before the duel:

> *Sir And.* Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.[9]

A third type of lover that Shakespeare uses for the purpose of producing comic effects is the bombastic lover, the lover who is inflated with a kind of self-importance which derives its being from his own lack of a sense of humor. Of this type of pompous fool Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* is perhaps the most significant example. In the first act of the play Olivia rightly diagnoses Malvolio's malady:

> *Oli.* O, you are sick of self love, Malvolio, and taste with distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of a free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an approved fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.[10]

But Malvolio is by nature the preachy reformer, always arrogant and always unintelligent. He rebukes the clown, reproves the jovial Sir Toby, and scolds the clever Maria. To the audience there is a comic contrast between Malvolio's own serious sense of duty in improving the moral tone of his mistress' household and the flippant replies that he gets in return for his pains. Says the Clown:

> God sent you, sir, a speedy infirmity for better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I'm no fox; but he will not pass his word for a two pence that you are no fool.[11]

Sir Toby threatened with expulsion from the house only sings more lustily:

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[8] *Twelfth Night,* Act II, sc. 3.
[9] *Twelfth Night,* Act III, sc. 2.
[10] *Twelfth Night,* Act III, sc. 4.
[11] *Twelfth Night,* Act I, sc. 5.

Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.[12]

While Maria bluntly retorts when her turn comes, "Go shake your ears," she alone understands specifically that Malvolio's airs are partially the result of his foolish aspiration for Lady Olivia's hand and lands, and his total inability to see the absurdity of such an ambition.

> *Maria.* The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time pleaser; an affection'd ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.[13]

From such feelings of contempt and derision for Malvolio there develops a comedy of the "gull" and the "gullers" in which Maria and Sir Toby, seconded by Fabian and echoed by Sir Andrew Aguecheek, plan to allow Malvolio to hang himself with the rope of his own conceit. In addition to the interest in participating vicariously in this plotting the audience experiences a heightened pleasure in the comedy of stage business. In the scene just before Malvolio finds the letter, his mincing, airish dramatizations of himself as the future disdainful Count Malvolio, his practicing of all the graces of a would-be courtier, portrayed as it is against the background of Sir Toby's and Sir Andrew's very natural and unaffected manifestations of rage and scarcely restrained physical onsets against the wholly unconscious lover, furnishes a very real comedy of action. When Malvolio, completely misled by the duping letter, later appears yellow-stockinged, cross-gartered and "fantastically smiling" before his mistress, he is a ridiculous figure in himself, but the audience also appreciates the vast difference between what Malvolio thinks he is doing, what Lady Olivia thinks he is doing and what the intriguers and onlookers know he is doing.

As the plot against Malvolio develops and he, confined in the dark room, is told that he is insane, is badgered and teased by the clown, disguised as Sir Topas and also in his own person, there seems to be grave danger that the dramatist may effect a situation in which the "pleasure that springs from the ludicrous" will be diverted into sympathy for the victim, because here the practical joke approaches the point of "inflicting hurt". Even Sir Toby realizes that the joke has gone too far, though it must be admitted that this

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12 *Twelfth Night,* Act II, sc. 3.
13 *Twelfth Night,* Act II, sc. 3.

engaging rascal's sympathy is anxiety for his own precious skin rather than an imaginative participation in what must have been Malvolio's feelings.

> *Sir Tob.* . . . I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am not so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot . . .[1]

Shakespeare, I think, preserves the comedy of this scene only because he has presented Malvolio as such an "arrant ass" from the very beginning and because even in the end, when the conspirators have confessed their parts, when some of the humiliation has been shifted to Sir Toby and Sir Andrew through their mistaken encounter with Sebastian, Malvolio is utterly unable to laugh *at* himself and *with* the others. If he could have said as Sir John Falstaff did after a similarly harrowing experience in *Merry Wives of Windsor:*

> *Fal.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.[2]

he might have merited some consideration. But instead he holds fast to his comical self-importance, his utter inability to see himself as so microscopic a part of the cosmos that his little tribulations cannot do more than produce a slight tickle of "painful pleasure" on the infinite. Since Malvolio is born without a sense of humor, since he cannot achieve a sense of humor, his only hope of salvation must rest upon the possibility that some one will thrust religion upon him.

Although Dr. Caius, one of the comic suitors of Mistress Anne Page in *Merry Wives of Windsor,* is superficially different from Malvolio, he too may be classed as a bombastic lover. Dr. Caius, however, expresses his self-importance more in ranting and raging than in the absurd affectations of Malvolio. To see and hear a character "abusing of God's patience and the King's English"[3] is always comical, partly because of the "sudden glory" of the feeling of one's own superiority to such unbridled emotional debauchery, partly, if the onlooker has a highly developed sense of humor, because of the shock of seeing the truth of one's own occasional and justified meteoric flights of passion, and partly because of the accompanying exaggerated stage business.

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[1] *Twelfth Night,* Act IV, sc. 2.
[2] *Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act V, sc. 5.
[3] *Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act I, sc. 4.

When there is added to this the fact that Dr. Caius explodes in an odd burst of French set off in an atmosphere of abused English, there is necessarily a spontaneously reflected flare of merriment in the audience. It must be remembered, however, that it is Dr. Caius, the would-be lover, who provokes Dr. Caius, the village physician, to these comical fits of eloquence, vituperation and threat. It is love that leads him absurdly to challenge the Welsh curate to a duel and thus to become the butt of the genial host's crude funmaking.

Although Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* might well be classed with Malvolio and Dr. Caius as a type of bombastic lover, he is also an excellent example of a part of Shakespeare's simplest pattern arrangement of lovers, for he and Titania illustrate the paired lovers that are comical contrasts to each other. The ironically grandiloquent Bottom, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," is changed not at all by the addition of an ass' head and love. This grotesque parody of a romantic lover sees no discrepancy between his own gross bestiality and the fairylike daintiness of Queen Titania. Queen Titania, symbolically blinded with love, perceives only the lovable in what she would normally despise, and so suggests to the onlooker one phase of the comedy of misidentification. There is further comic contrast between Bottom's speeches and those of Titania. When, after his unexpected metamorphosis, Bottom enters with a declaration of his unassailable courage and breaks into a braying song to prove his argument, Titania amusingly wakens with,

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

In a similar way in the scene in which the enamored Titania is filled with a naturally feminine desire to give expression to her affection for her lord and master by decorating his head with muskroses, by tempting his appetite with the delicate honey bag of the red-hipped bumble bee, and by soothing his soul with sweet music, the prosaic, self-centered Bottom prefers to have his head scratched, to munch a "peck of provender," and to listen to the rattle of the "tongs and bones." But above all he prefers to sleep, and so he does, a comically misplaced ass, crowned with flowers, embraced by the ethereal Titania, and woodenly insensible that his fragrant couch is

> ". . . . a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
> Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
> With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine."

In contrast to the lover pattern of Bottom and Titania, the pair of comic lovers in *Twelfth Night* are distinguished by their similari-

ties rather than by their differences, for Sir Toby Belch and Maria both have a natural and contagious mischievousness that makes them truly congenial. The actual love affair of these two gives only a meagre tinge of interest to the action as a whole, for aside from Sir Toby's own statement that Maria "adores" him, his later statement that he "could marry this wench" and "ask no other dowry but such another jest," and the final announcement that the match is consummated, the audience knows nothing of the wooing. At the same time these lovers taken together furnish much of the humor of the play. They both belong to that irresponsible, mad-cap group that awaken in the audience what has been called the "laughter of liberty."[1] Through their natural abandon they provide for others a vicarious satisfaction and a release of tendencies which in everyday life have to be repressed. Every person enjoys watching the irrepressible Sir Toby and Maria play practical jokes on Malvolio's artificiality and Sir Andrew's stupidity, for they are doing what he would often like to do and does not dare to do, because he has already learned that outside the theatre the better part of humor is discretion.

A third illustration of Shakespeare's paired lover-pattern is found in Petruchio and Katharina, the comical lovers in *The Taming of the Shrew.* As he first appears, Petruchio might easily be grouped with such practical lovers as Sir John Falstaff and Launce, for he freely confesses that although Katharina is the exact antithesis of the romantic he is willing to be her suitor for her wealth:

> Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
> Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
> One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife—
> As wealth is burden of my wooing dance—
> Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
> As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
> As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
> She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
> Affection's edge in me—were she as rough
> As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
> I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
> If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

As the plot develops, however, this mercenary purpose seems to be wholly lost in Petruchio's determinedly successful scheme to prove that feminine shrewdness is but a weak waspishness when it breaks itself against masculine

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[1] Max Eastman, *The Sense of Humor,* p. 184 ff.

wilfulness. So part of the comedy of this queer romance is born from the suspense which is an integral part of the dual dispositions. To this is added the comical contrast between what Petruchio says and what he does. In words he is jealous of his lady's comfort, tenderly solicitous of her happiness, but in actions he is such a direct contradiction that Katharina, who does not share the audience's knowledge of the intrigue, is completely and entertainingly mystified. There is further comedy of contrast in Katharina herself, for the meek, docile Katharina who delivers the sanctimonious homily on wifely duty in the denouement of the farce is ridicuously changed from the ranting, vixenish Katharina, who, at the beginning of the play apparently had no acquaintance with duty in any form.

To the audience that follows the mad career of this love affair much of the pleasure comes from stage business and pantomime. The ludicrous outbursts of Katharine and Petruchio have somewhat the same humor as the wrathful explosions of the volatile Dr. Caius in *Merry Wives of Windsor,* but this effect is augmented because here there is a kind of "duologue" of temper. The ludicrously inappropriate dress and equipage of the bridegroom, the slapstick proceedings of the wedding supper, Petruchio's absurd censorship of his wife's apparel, and the tamed Katharina's preposterous docility as she eagerly agrees that the sun is the moon, that Vincentio is a young virgin, give opportunity for funmaking actions and the exaggerations of a rollicking farce

With these three pairs of comic lovers there is illustrated a comic device that is a definite part of Shakespeare's dramatic technique. In each of the three plays from which these lovers are taken the dramatist uses the ludicrous lovers as effective contrasts to the romantic lovers, thereby intensifying the desired portrayal of each type. Bottom and Titania asleep on the flowery bank provide a comic parody to the two pairs of romantic lovers who sleep in similar positions on similar flowery banks. Sir Toby and Maria in their lack of amorous indulgences accentuate Olivia and her lovers who are creatures of circumstances and who do nothing but "sigh like furnaces" and make pretty protestations of undying ardours. In the same way, although Katharina and Petruchio are the characters of the main action rather than of the sub-plot, these two lovers seem more tempestuous against the background of the romantic wooing of the gentle Bianca. Just as Katharina's original shrewishness seems more virulent in contrast to Bianca's meekness, so in the end her docility seems more pronounced in contrast to Bianca's calmly determined support of the divine right of wives to come or not to come when they are called.

A second lover-pattern that Shakespeare uses is the comical triangle. Two very similar arrangements of this type are the Touchstone, William, Audrey triangle in *As You Like It* and the Armado, Costard, Jacquenetta triangle in *Love's Labour's Lost.* Both of these groups not only furnish a comic background for the romantic lovers in the same way that the paired lovers do, but they also provide ridiculous contrasts within the group. That Touchstone, the graceful, sophisticated court jester, whose lightly satirical wit always sparkles engagingly, should fall in love with the awkward and verdant Audrey seems an ironically apt illustration of the jester's own epigrammatic summation of lovers:

> "..... We that are true lovers run into strange capers, but as all is mortal in nature so is all nature in love mortal in folly."[1]

Touchstone's heroic attempts to make conversation with the simple-minded, lumpish Audrey indicate clearly that the mutual attraction of the pair was not born of intellectual compatibility.

> *Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And now, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple features content you?
>
> *Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! What features?
>
> *Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.
>
> *Jac.* O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house. (*aside*)
>
> *Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child of understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical.
>
> *Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

But because Audrey is so comically stupid, Touchstone seems more scintillating in contrast. Her adamantean cranium strikes the spark of Touchstone's just in the same way that her waddling walk enhances his elegant bearing.

William, the rustic suitor who also lays claim to Audrey, is the comic foil for Touchstone's debonair self-assurance. His unguarded admission that he has a "pretty wit" gives Touchstone the opportunity to pour out such a

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[1] *As You Like It,* Act II, sc. 4.

flood of pseudo-philosophical conclusions that he completely discomfits his slow-witted rival.

In internal composition and in its relation to the other characters of the comedy, the comic lover triangle in *As You Like It* is strikingly similar to the comic lover triangle in *Love's Labour's Lost.* In this latter triangle the fantastic Armado is not only an exaggerated edition of the romantic courtier, but also a foil for the naive simplicity of his love rival, Costard, the village clown. At the same time this bombastic coiner of "high born words" is comically mismatched with the dull-witted, ungainly Jacquenetta.

In the early part of the play when Armado charges Costard with having violated the artificial bond of celibacy in yielding to the charm of the wooden Jacquenetta, there is but a prediction and a comic parody on the forsworn oaths of the king and the courtiers who have created this affected state of affairs. This burlesque relation is maintained throughout the play, and in the end just as the princess and her ladies hold the king and his courtiers as probationers for a year, so Armado, who in trying to pluck the mote from Costard's eye has succeeded in putting a beam in his own, has vowed to Jacquenetta "to hold the plot for her sweet love for three years."[1]

In addition to the triangular patterns of lovers in which all the characters are comical, Shakespeare uses a pattern which consists geometrically of three or more lines converging in a single point. Here the point represents a romantic lady and each line represents one of her suitors, who may be either romantic or comic, for here the comic lovers are types within themselves and at the same time are the foils for their romantic rivals. Such a pattern is illustrated in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in which the witless Thurio, grouped with Valentine and Proteus as a suitor for Lady Silvia, makes Valentine seem more courageous in contrast to his cowardice, just as Proteus' fickleness emphasizes Valentine's constancy. Similarly in *Merry Wives of Windsor* the conventionally romantic Fenton is portrayed against a background of the luke-warm lover Slender and the pseudo-passionate Dr. Caius. So in *Twelfth Night* the practical, reasonable Sebastian, the love-drugged Orsino, the indifferent Sir Andrew and the self-centered Malvolio serve to emphasize each other's peculiar characteristics. In this pattern the comic lover also serves as a dramatic complication. He increases the comedy of suspense which always attends a plurality of lovers, and sometimes he originates an additional comic underplot as Dr.

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[1] *Love's Labour's Lost,* Act V, sc. 2.

Caius does in *Merry Wives of Windsor* and as Malvolio and Sir Andrew do in *Twelfth Night.*

In all Shakespeare's comic lovers, whether in single type or in pattern arrangement, there is one common element. All these comic characters belong to the realm of "low comedy" as opposed to "high comedy." That this is natural is easily seen by the fact that their chief dramatic purpose is one of contrast and parody, of balancing and complementing. Without this low there would be no high; instead there would be a level plain of humor. With the shading supplied by the comic lovers, the quiet smiles that are the product of the enjoyment of subtle wit are relieved by the hilarious laughter that comes with

> "Jest and youthful Jollity,
> Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks and wreathed smiles
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to live in dimple sleek;
> Sport that wrinkled care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides."

Contributors to This Issue

JULIAN ARTHUR and BARNES HUTCHINSON are experts in the art of the screen.

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The Shakespeare Association Bulletin

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PAUL KAUFMAN
Editor

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Other matters relating to the work of the Association should be referred to the Secretary, Miss Myra B. Martin, 15 Gramercy Park, New York.

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WE do not believe that the future of Shakespeare on the professional stage is seriously threatened. The evidence of seven companies touring various parts of America during the present year would seem to prove a continuing demand among large enough numbers of people willing to pay for the privilege of seeing his plays upon the stage. Nor can we believe that this demand will decrease even if, as many predict, the legitimate theatre is doomed to a steady decline. Even more safe seems the future of Shakespeare in the constant presentation of his plays by local amateur organizations. But the greatest possibilities for reaching a large public with the visible production of the Shakespearian drama rest with the moving (and talking) picture.

Shakespeare-on-the-screen is not a new venture. For fifteen years or more within our own remembrance some of the dramas have been adapted for use in the silent theatre. Yet some of these versions have obviously made a Roman holiday out of Shakespeare's original form and intent. All the more eagerly then should we welcome the sincere and skillful efforts to reflect on the screen so far as possible the very "form and pressure" of his scenes. Such an effort appears to have been made by the two famous film stars whose production of The Taming of the Shrew is described in this issue.

We are happy to have this story not only because it reveals the aims and technique of adapting Shakespeare to the medium of the moving picture, but because this association is anxious to encourage all genuine attempts to reproduce the art of the great dramatist. We believe that this Pickford-Fairbanks production will notably serve the cause which the Shakespeare Association is organized to promote. The very names of the principals should attract many who would never otherwise see the performance of a Shakespearean play. We hope that Shakespeare on their screen will be found to pay in financial return. That it will pay in a more widespread appreciation of Shakespeare we cannot doubt.

* * *

AGAIN we welcome to America the Stratford Company who made their

first tour of this country last year. Bringing with them on their first visit a fine tradition of Shakespearian performance they were received with an enthusiasm which surpassed all their hopes. This year we are confident that they will meet with equal success. We need hardly say that this Association desires to encourage and support their American appearance in every possible way.

IN seconding the expressions of good will which President Thorndike has sent to the recently organized Shakespeare Association of Japan, we but voice the sentiments of every member of the Shakespeare Association of America. This evidence of the recognition of Shakespeare in the great nation of the East has more than a national significance within the boundaries of the Japanese Empire. It means another bond of understanding and union between the East and the West.

The Stratford Festival Company's Itinerary

October 7—19	Princess Theatre, Toronto.
21—23	Grand Opera House, Kingston.
24—26	Grand Opera House, London.
Nov. 4—9	Walker Theatre, Winnipeg.
11—13	Grand Theatre, Regina.
14—16	Orpheum Theatre, Prince Albert.
18—20	Empire Theatre, Saskatoon.
21—23	Empire Theatre, Edmonton.
25—30	Vancouver Theatre, Vancouver.
Dec. 2—7	Royal Theatre, Victoria.
9—14	Metropolitan Theatre, Seattle.
16	Tacoma.
17, 18, 19	Auditorium, Portland.
23—Jan. 4	Erlanger Theatre, San Francisco.
5—18	Mason Theatre, Los Angeles.
19—25	Salt Lake City & Colorado Springs.
27—Feb. 1	Denver.
Feb. 3—8	Kansas City.
10—22	Chicago.
24—March 1	Cleveland.
March 3—8	Washington.
10—22	Philadelphia.
24—Apr. 5	Boston.
April 6	Sail from Boston for England.
April 21	Opening Date Birthday Festival in Stratford-on-Avon.

The Club Forum

Conducted by
MRS. ROBERT CARLTON MORRIS

DURING the summer I sent greetings from the Association to a number of Shakespeare clubs. Air mail stamps caused my letters "to fly, to ride on the curled clouds," some to California, some to Texas, others to Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota. Replies reveal great interest in the association, especially manifested by clubs not yet affiliated with us. Year books containing new outlines for study will be available in October. This issue of the Bulletin must present only historical sketches and brief quotations from letters.

* * *

The Hathaway Shakespeare Club was organized in 1896 in Philadelphia. Mrs. E. Carson Shumate, a charter member, writes most interestingly of its history and of its present place in community life. Its object was in the beginning, as it is now, the study of the works of Shakespeare. Members believe that in a large city there is great need for a distinctly literary club, and the organization from its inception has remained steadfastly loyal to that ideal. They have throughout the years contributed generously to civic and to philanthropic enterprises but their real *raison d'etre* is the study of fine literature, music, art. Once a month the members listen to a lecturer on the general subject of Shakespeare, the speaker frequently comes from the department of English in the University of Pennsylvania. Last year they listened to a series of talks on the Contemporaries of Shakespeare. Occasionally members interpret scenes from the plays, or offer papers, discussions, debates. Mrs. Shumate comments on "the strong bond of fellowship due to our common literary interest and singleness of purpose." She prophesies that some day The Hathaway Club will own its own club-house. Their motto is "'Tis the mind that makes the body rich." Mrs. Shumate's inspiring letter closes with the statement, "To this cultivation of the mind, chiefly through Shakespeare, the Hathaway Shakespeare Club will always remain true."

* * *

Johnson Brigham, Iowa State Librarian, read before the Des Moines Shakespeare Society an interesting paper entitled "Round the World with Friend Shakespeare," which was printed later in a report of the state meeting of librarians. It was this intriguing article which effected my contact with the Des Moines Shakespeare Society, of which Mr. Brigham is president. Membership includes both men and women, and the evening program is usually preceded by a dinner. With truly Shakespearean friendliness the meetings are open to non-members who are interested.

The oldest Shakespeare Class in the City of Des Moines is the Vincent Circle, which dates back to 1883. This club studies two or three of the plays every year.

For the foregoing we are indebted to Miss Genevieve Otis, secretary of the state society.

* * *

The mail brought a charming letter from Mrs. Fred B. Hall of St. Louis, Mo. I will quote bits of it:—"We had for many years in St. Louis a well known Shakespearian writer and critic, Denton J. Snider, who conducted a class in the study of Shakespearian drama. Among his followers was Miss Amelia Fruchte, a picturesque and remarkable figure, who became the founder of the St.

Louis Tercentenary Shakespeare Society and its offshoot the St. Louis Shakespeare Drama Study Club. The Tercentenary Society opens its meetings to the public, employs leaders of authority, entertains visiting actors and critics, presents scenes from the great plays in costume and gives, once a year, a Twelfth Night Costume dinner dance for members and guests.

The St. Louis Shakespeare Drama Study Club studies the plays intensively, and listens to papers written by members. Last winter Mrs. Hall entertained them in her home, giving a talk on Prints, with emphasis on the Boydell Shakespeare, illustrating from her own collection.

* * *

The Shakespeare Study Club of Lima, Ohio, has presented recently to their public library one of the most valuable gifts ever received by that institution, a check for a sum sufficient to buy ten volumes of the new variorum edition of Shakespeare.

* * *

We hope, in the next issue of the Bulletin, to print the story of the Shakespeare Garden of Cleveland, and the plans for a Shakespeare Garden in Detroit.

* * *

The Toledo Shakespeare Club program for the season of 1929-'30 includes papers on Shakespeare's influence on Keats, and on Shelley, Maeterlinck, Sir Walter Scott and Victor Hugo. Other papers to be read before the club will have for subjects, Shakespeare as a Lover of Music, of the Morning, and of Peace.

The attention of the club will be called to certain new publications of great interest to Shakespeare students—"Shakespeare's Silences" by Alwin Thaler, "Shakespeare's Workshop" by W. J. Lawrence, the novel "To the Sun" by Arista Edward Fisher, "An Introduction to the reading of Shakespeare" by Frederick S. Boas, and the beautiful new edition of Hamlet edited by Joseph Quincy Adams. (I cannot help adding that I cannot bear to put this last little volume among other books on my shelves, I must keep it on the table, where I may touch it every day, for "I do love it more than words can wield the matter.")

* * *

The Editor of the Club Forum extends the hand of fellowship to Shakespeare clubs, large or small, new or old. Tell us what you have done and are doing. Tell us what you are *going to do*—are there gifts to public libraries in your plans for the future? Do you expect to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday next April? Is there a Shakespeare tree on the campus of your High School? Will there be a beautiful and significant Shakespeare Garden in your town some day? What better motto could a club have than this, "What thy soul holds dear, imagine it to lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest."

* * *

And, in conclusion, let us have a nation-wide observance of the Shakespeare birthday next spring! Will you send me outlines for appropriate programs for such a community celebration? We'll publish them in January. Thank you—"I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends."

Notes on Shakespeariana

By Professor Robert M. Smith

IN comparison with the banner year of 1928, when eight First Folios came to America, and when there were other noteworthy transfers of Shakespeariana, the year 1929 will be a quiet one, unless the Fall sales bring unexpected treasures to light. While we are waiting we may review some noteworthy transactions in First Folios since the death in 1925 of the distinguished recorder of them, Sir Sidney Lee.

The difficulties in correctly locating and describing copies of the First Folio, as Lee frequently averred, are as prodigious as the possibilities of error are manifold. Lee's achievement is remarkable not because it is wholly free from error, but because his percentage of error is so low. In a field where he was frequently obliged to rely upon inference from silence, upon vague reports from recalcitrant owners or dealers, and upon questionnaires made out by persons with no technical knowledge of the subject, it is not surprising, for example, that twice, once in India and once in America, the Staunton facsimile was reported to him as an original, that he attributed folios to Mr. Folger that belonged to Mr. Huntington and vice versa, and occasionally erred both in his ratings and locations of other copies on this side of the Atlantic. It is in no carping spirit, therefore, that the following corrections are offered of statements in his last essay, *A Survey of the First Folio.* (*Studies in the First Folio,* Oxford, 1923-4.):

The Daniel-Burdett-Coutts copy (Lee 5), which he attributed to Mr. Huntington (p. 99) was secured by Mr. Folger. The Carysfort (Lee 6), which he reported as in America (p. 100), did not come here until the Fall of 1927. The MacGeorge-Perry folio (Lee 10), which he attributed (p. 102) to Mr. Folger, is owned by Mr. Joseph Widener of Philadelphia.

There are also some puzzling inconsistencies in Lee's distributed totals. On page 102 of the *Survey* Lee states that in 1906 he estimated: "of the 172 copies that I had then traced, 14 were in the United Kingdom, 52 were in America." Yet if we turn to section IV of his *Supplement,* Oxford, 1906 we find stated, "Thus today the British total stands at 105, a decrease of 11 since 1902, and the American total at 62, an increase of the same extent." That Lee obviously was correct in his 1906 statement, rather than in his report in 1924 of what he said in 1906, may be quickly ascertained by turning to section II of his *Supplement,* and counting the number of copies he correctly allocates to America, and adding them to his differentiated totals of 1902. We then obtain, in accordance with the 1906 figures, 105, not 114, for Great Britain, 62, not 52, for America, 5 for other countries, a total of 172. On page 81 of the *Survey* he further falls into error with the statement: "Since my results were published, 13 copies of which I did not know have come to light, so that we may estimate 180 to survive." 13 added to 172 total 185, not 180. Unfortunately Lee definitely names in his *Survey* only three of these thirteen additional copies. He added, however, a fourteenth in a note on page 105, a copy at King's College, Cambridge. Moreover, in the last revision of his *Life of Shakespeare,* (1925, p X) he called attention to two further copies recently put up at auction in London. In all, then, with corrected figures, Lee knew of 188 copies.

A tabulation may serve at this point to clarify Lee's distribution:

Census, 1902	*Supplement*, 1906	*Survey*, 1923-4
103 in Great Britain	105	73
3 in the Dominions	3	3
2 on the Continent	2	4
50 in the United States	62	95
158	172	175
		1 copy at King's College, Cambridge.
		10 copies not named.
		2 copies noted in *Life of Shakespeare* (1925)
		Total 188

Attention should also be called to his under-estimation of the number of copies in the possession of Mr. Folger. On page 103 of the *Survey* he gives Mr. Folger, "the distinction of possessing already as many, according to a recent estimate, as thirty-five in all." Yet we know from a printed report of an address by Mrs. Folger to a New York gathering that Mr. Folger in June, 1914 had in his possession forty-nine. We may conjecture the number of First Folios Mr. Folger has added to his collection during the fifteen years since 1914 only to run a risk like Lee's of shooting wide of the mark; and until this information is available the present total number of extant copies cannot be determined. We are placed further in the dark by Lee's failure to name ten of his thirteen latest discoveries. It may be of interest, however, to give the following data from my records, which are always subject to correction upon the receipt of more accurate information:

36 in British Institutions
27 in American Institutions
3 in the Dominions
4 on the Continent
28 privately owned by Americans, not including Mr. Folger's copies.

It is a matter for congratulation that the number of publicly owned copies in America has more than doubled since Lee's last estimate of "twelve or thirteen" (p. 102). It is to be hoped that some of the twenty-eight American owners may follow the example of the late Mr. William Augustus White and donate their copies to university libraries.

Only nine American colleges and universities, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Lehigh, University of Texas, University of California (Southern Branch), Brown University (John Carter Brown Library) and Williams have the distinction of possessing the most esteemed secular book in the world, a not wholly flattering exhibition in the face of what may approach a total of one hundred privately-owned copies now in the United States.

For the reassurance of Englishmen who have been perturbed at the exodus of rare books from their shores, it may be stated that not all First Folios put up at auction either come to America or permanently stay here. The Law-Perkins copy (Lee 23), purchased by an American dealer, was resold last year to a prominent English house for a European collector. Several years ago

the George C. Thomas copy (Lee Supplement 4) after several transfers here was repurchased for an English collector; and likewise another copy, the pedigree of which remains to be surely ascertained. This return of Folios to the home country may serve to check any unguarded enthusiasm on the part of Americans, such as once prompted a well-known English book-seller to retort to me: "After all, you know, Shakespeare was an Englishman."

Since the decease of Lee in 1925, several Folios unrecorded in his lists have come to light, some of them for a long time in American possession, some of them issuing from longer seclusion in English private libraries to make their first appearance in the London book mart.

Among unlisted copies that escaped Lee's search we have the following: (1) The Lehigh University copy, which has been in the possession of the university library since 1887. (2) The Judge Willis Vickery copy, which the owner bought of Sotheran in 1900, and which he has described in his delightful *A Search after A First Folio* (Rowfant Club Publications); (3) the copy purchased from Gabriel Wells and presented in 1926 by Colonel Charles Clifton to the Grosvenor Library of Buffalo. (4) The Clifton-Folger copy, containing the signature of Samuel Gilburne, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company. (5) The Woodward-Lockwood copy, imported from England by the Brick Row Bookshop in 1927. (6) The fine copy from Northern England brought here by Gabriel Wells as one of a uniform set of Four Folios in December, 1928. (7) The R. O. Leycester copy, sold to Mr. Wells at Sotheby's in November of the same year. (8) The Barnet J. Beyer copy purchased in the Spring of this year for more than $50,000 by Mr. Beyer of New York, which Lee doubtless would have placed in his First Class of perfect copies.

Among copies already listed by Lee we note the following changes of ownership or transfers to America. This list does not include all transactions; it contains only what information is at present available for publication:

1926 Hibbert-Sage (Lee 41) sold by Edgar Wells to Mr. Owen D. Young.

1926 Killigrew-Leeds (Lee 130) sold by Gabriel Wells to an American collector.

1926 Holford (Lee 8) purchased from Dorchester House by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach.

1927 Lord Leigh (Lee 82) sold by Gabriel Wells to Honorable Frederick S. Peck.

1927 Carysfort (Lee 6) sold by Gabriel Wells to Mr. A. Edward Newton.

1928 Wantage (Lee, Supplement, 1) sold by Ernest Dressel North to an American Collector.

1928 Hoskins-Williams (Lee 134 a) sold by Gabriel Wells to Honorable Frederick S. Peck.

1928 Tite-Ives-White (Lee 14) presented by the late William A. White to Princeton University.

1928 Clement and Holcombe Ingleby (Lee 110) sold by Gabriel Wells to an American collector.

1928 Law-Perkins (Lee 23) sold through Gabriel Wells and an English firm to a European collector.

1928 Hacket-Martin (Lee 131) sold by Gabriel Wells to an American collector.

A digression at this point may be permitted to call attention to the remarkable activities of the man whose name appears so frequently in the list of these folio transactions, as well as those of many seasons past. Mr. Gabriel Wells doubtless holds the record for importing to America more First Folios of Shakespeare than any other dealer. His annus mirabilis seems to have come

during the year 1928 when he distinguished himself by five notable achievements: (1) He purchased the first draft and the printer's manuscripts of Carlyle's *Past and Present,* said to be the only complete Carlyle manuscripts extant. The first draft he graciously presented to the British Museum. (2) He purchased Dr. Johnson's Prayer Book and Bible, Oxford, 1743. (3) He acquired between 500 and 600 letters of Bernard Shaw and arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Shaw for their publication. (4) He came to the rescue of the second oldest London book firm, Henry Sotheran & Company, and enabled this time-honored house to continue (in spite of the death of Mr. Sotheran) with the present staff of directors and employees. This act recalls earlier beneficences of Mr. Wells, such as the rescue for the French Nation of Balzac's little house at Passy, and the presentation of rare volumes and of a portrait of Gutenberg to the Library of Congress. (5) He made the record acquisition in any one year of six First Folios of Shakepeare. .....

Since March, 1927, when I published a short review of the rise in value of Shakespeare Folios, prices realized at auction and private sales have greatly increased. For a number of years the sum of £8,600, paid at Sotheby's in 1922 by Dr. Rosenbach for the famous Daniel-Burdett-Coutts First Folio (Lee 5), served as a high water mark. Within the last two years, however, two copies that belong in Lee's Class I, Perfect Copies, have been sold for £14,000 and £17,000 respectively. It is regrettable that no First Folio was offered at the Kern Sale last Spring to add to the pyrotechnics of those memorable evenings when prices resembled the antics of the New York Stock Exchange.

On this occasion, however, the Second and Third Folios had an opportunity to show what they could do in the absence of their illustrious predecessor. In March, 1928, I noted that "Prices for Second Folios today range from $1,500-$5,000." Five thousand dollars for the superfine Bridgewater House copy of the Second Folio was then the highest price known to me. The Second Folio, acquired at the Kern Sale, a perfect copy bearing the Smethwick imprint, is now offered for $10,500. Bernard Quaritch's catalogue 425, issued this year, offers a Second Folio, printed for Robert Allot, first issue (Allot1) for £2,250.

The rise in market value of the Third Folio has been more astonishing. Partly because of a random conjecture that the best portion of the issue of the Third Folio was destroyed in the London Fire, and partly because this remark has been carefully nourished by the book trade, the Third Folio has been constantly trumpeted as a rarer book than the First Folio, if not as intrinsically valuable. And yet even if Third Folios are not as plentiful as Second Folios, in my opinion a careful counting of known copies would far exceed in number the two hundred (more or less) extant First Folios. As Mr. E. B. Harris remarks, "The fire of London did not commence until Sept. 2, 1666, and it is thus possible that at least forty-five months elapsed between the publication of the Third Folio and the fire. It is apprehended that this interval is quite sufficient to allow for the distribution of most, if not all, copies by the publisher. and that few, if any, copies would have remained on his premises in the city of London at the date of the fire." At any rate, the alleged scarcity has had for many years a marked influence on sales prices of Third Folios. In 1927, I noted $7,500 as the current value of a Third Folio, bearing the date, 1664. At The Kern sale in February of this year, a folio of the same issue bound by Mercer for Robert Hoe, which was not Hoe's best copy and brought in the Hoe Sale (1912) only $2,600, was secured after

a tussle between the Rosenbach Company and The Brick Row Bookshop for $15,500. As Third Folios with the title page bearing the date 1663 are much rarer than those dated 1664, it is not surprising that Mr. Gabriel Wells paid at Sotheby's in March of this year £5,400 ($26,500) for the copy owned by the Earl of Malmesbury.

Prices of Fourth Folios have also advanced, especially those bearing the *Knight-Saunders* imprint, though the *Chiswell* imprint, as is not yet fully realized either by dealers or customers, is at least twice as rare, and has been passed about for less sums. In 1926 the rare book department of E. P. Dutton offered a *Knight-Saunders* imprint for $4,500, which seemed at that time a round price. The Rosenbach company paid $4,000 for the Kern copy, bearing the common Brewster-Bentley imprint. Two perfect copies of this imprint in the original bindings are now being held by a New York dealer for $6,000 and $6,500, respectively

American Negroes Pay Tribute to Shakespearean Actor

American Negroes have given $1,000 to the American Shakespearean Foundation to endow the Ira Aldridge Memorial Chair in the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, England, according to an announcement yesterday by James Weldon Johnson, chairman of the donors. Mr. Johnson is secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

"Ira Aldridge was a great tragedian and the tribute to his memory which you have organized was a most happy inspiration," Percy S. Bullen, honorary secretary of the American Shakespearean Foundation, said in his acknowledgment written to Mr. Johnson.

Aldridge, who was born in Maryland in 1804 and died in 1867, originally was a servant of Edmund Kean, famous Shakespearean actor, and became highly popular in his roles of Othello, Shylock, Zanga, Orozonbo, Rollo, and other characters. He was decorated by the Emperors of Austria and Russia and by the King of Prussia.

New York Evening Post

The Founding of the National Shakespeare Association of Japan

Waseda University,
Tokyo, Japan,
Sept. 14, 1929.

To Professor A. H. Thorndike,
President of the Shakespeare Association of America.

Dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in informing you that we have founded a Shakespeare Association in this country with objects as specified in the enclosed and we are going to give a formal founding ceremony on Nov. 2, when we expect to request the presence of the British Ambassador, Ministers of Education and Foreign Affairs. It would be a great pleasure and honour if you would allow us to enrol your name among our Supporters.

Yours faithfully,
SANKI ICHIKAWA
President of the Shakespeare Association of Japan.

President Thorndike replied on October 7:

I am delighted to hear of the founding of a Shakespeare Association in Japan and shall be honored to have my name enrolled among your supporters.

On behalf of the Shakespeare Association of America I desire to extend greetings and congratulations to the new Shakespeare Association of Japan. We are aware of the notable interest taken in Shakespeare in the universities of your country and shall watch with great interest the further development of Shakespeare study under the direction of the new Association.

RULES OF THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION OF JAPAN

1. The name of the Society shall be THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION of JAPAN.
2. The headquarters of the Society shall be in the Tsubouchi Memorial Theatre Museum, Waseda University, Tokyo.
3. The object of the Society shall be to collect works by and about Shakespeare and materials relating thereto and to encourage and promote the study of Shakespeare in Japan.
4. To carry out the above-mentioned aims, the Society shall work in co-operation with the Shakespeare Associations of other countries, hold occasional meetings for studies and lectures, bring out publications, put on the stage or on the screen plays by Shakespeare, and organize various other undertakings. The chief function of all shall be the celebration every year of the 23rd of April as "Shakespeare Day."

5. The Society shall have an Honorary President and several Advisory Counsellors and Supporters.
6. The officers of the Society shall consist of a President and Members of Council, of whom two shall be on the Executive Committee, and one Secretary.
7. Any person desirous of joining the Society shall be proposed by a Member and be approved of by the Council. Members shall pay an annual subscription of Five Yen.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

Honorary President: Professor Yuzo Tsubouchi, D. Lit.
President: Professor Sanki Ichikawa, D. Lit., Hon. F.R.S.L.

Advisory Counsellors

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Shoo Matsui
Professor Austin William Medley
Professor Meizo Togawa
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Kichizo Takamura
Takeshi Saito, D. Lit.
Prof. Mitsunobu Yamacishi, D.Lit.

Falstaff in Spats

Falstaff in a fedora and spats, Slender arriving on a motorcycle, and Mistress Ford calling up Windsor 34 on the telephone, are some of the startling innovations in the latest London theatrical production, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," opening at the Apollo Theatre here tonight July 27.

A private performance, under the auspices of the British Empire Shakespeare Society whose objects are "a greater familiarity with Shakespeare's works," took place last night with Oscar Ashe in the title role.

The audience relished the up-to-date costumes and topical references, such as "I hear your greyhound was outrun at Wembley," but the critics raised their brows over the tampering with the sacrosanct Shakespeare text. They did not mind Pistol being represented by a broken-down actor of the old school, but they objected to a passing butcher's boy telling him to "get your hair cut."

Falstaff arrived carrying a newsbill announcing the winner of the Lincolnshire at 100 to 1. He leaned on the baby grand while he was ogling Mistress Ford, and after his ducking he had his trousers dried by an electric iron.

The experiment shows that the Shakespearean farces are much better adapted to modern treatment than the tragedies.

New York Herald-Tribune.

Glimpses of the Laying of the Cornerstone of the New Stratford Memorial

ACTING, it may be, upon Spurgeon's dictum that "Sunday begins on Saturday night," the stone-laying ceremony in connection with Stratford-on-Avon's new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on Tuesday, July 2, began to loom large on the previous afternoon and loomed larger towards nightfall. On Monday afternoon vast numbers of Britishers, including seven hundred odd leading Masons, an overwhelming contingent of American Shakespearean enthusiasts, and smaller Bardic lovers from all parts of the world, invaded that ancient and historic town. A large army of Masons took possession of the famous Shakespeare Hotel, which, under another name, was in existence nearly two hundred years before the Bard was born. In fact, all the hotels and other available lodgings began to do "capacity" business.

In the evening as many of us as could get in attended the opening of the Shakespeare Festival Players' new summer season at the Temporary Memorial Theatre (formerly the Picture House). I noted among the vast audience many representatives of the flower of England's Old Nobility, many diplomats from foreign nations, and, of course, the chief members of the Corporation headed by Her Worship the Mayor, Miss Nancye Justins, plus the leading spirits of the new Shakespeare Theatre's governing body led by Lord Burnham and that famous Shakespearean Stratfordian Mr. Archibald Flower. At this temporary playhouse we all revelled over "Hamlet," and we did ditto over "Richard II," the next night when we had recovered from stone-laying.

Whether it was that the flags this time were unfurled in another thoroughfare than their old spot in Bridge-street I cannot say, but, whether or no, for the first time for many Shakespeare celebrations we had no rain but lots of sunshine. All round the site (with the glorious Avon sparkling with its silver sheen) the vast field, in the centre of which was this one-ton stone, housed a huge concourse of sightseers, all evincing the greatest of enthusiasm. The seven hundred leading Masons in due course came in picturesque procession through the middle of the three thousand seated spectators, while all around outside this charmed circle were thousands of other lookers-on who could get standing room only.

It does not seem to have been generally noted that this was not the first time that a Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon had its foundation-stone laid by British Masons. The stone of the first theatre was thus dedicated fifty-two years ago, and then (as now seems likely) nearly two years had to elapse before the playhouse was ready for playgoers.

When the procession had settled down, Lord Burnham (who had just imparted to me the glad tidings of his recovery from his recent severe illness in India) arose from sitting with Stratford's charming Mayor and our own Lord Mayor of London and requested Lord Ampthill, the Most Worshipful Pro Grand Master, to lay the stone. Lord Burnham, who is not altogether unconnected by descent with the dramatic profession, made an excellent speech, very naturally embodying many of Shakespeare's happiest and most memorable phrases.

In his splendid speech after the Masonic ritual, Lord Ampthill showed that it was possible to give an address of some dimensions made up almost entirely of Shakespeare's noblest thoughts. In this speech his lordship pointed out that although the actual stone-laying had been carried out with Masonic honours, when the new theatre comes to be opened it will, of course, be the task of All Concerned to treat the matter from the dramatic and theatrical standpoint. Lord

Ampthill added that once again the Masons had come to perform this ceremony by special invitation. this time of the Provincial Grand Master of Warwickshire, Colonel W. F. Wyley, V.D., D.L.

One need not endeavour to give all the details of this impressive ceremony. It might be said, however, that after the M.W.P.G.M. had addressed the assembly and the Grand Chaplain, the Rev. Prebendary A. W. Gough, had pronounced the beautiful prayer, the architect of the new theatre, Miss Elizabeth Scott, A.R.I.B.A., presented the Grand Master with a beautiful new trowel made by the workers of Stratford's own Society of Arts and Crafts.

I have no hesitation in saying that the impressive Masonic celebration, with the glorious ritual and hymns (sung by the whole of the vast number present), was in itself a great honour to Stratford and even to Shakespeare, who not only has mentioned Masons in his plays but also was, there is good reason to believe, himself a Brother of the Craft.

Those who, not being present, seem to think that the dramatic profession was not sufficiently represented on this occasion may herewith be informed that I met around the stone on this eventful day a large number of stage favourites and theatre folk generally. Those professionals present included Sir Frank Benson, who did so much for Stratford and for Shakespeare (directing, in fact, the Bardic festivals at the Birthplace for over thirty years); that quenchless Shakespearean enthusiast, the dramatist-poet, John Drinkwater; the whole strength of the Bridges-Adams Players, with their director and manager (the famous old pro. W. H. Savery); several representatives of the London Green Room Club; Geoffrey Whitworth (representing the Drama League); quite a number of London and provincial theatrical managers of renown; the famous Anglo-American star, E. H. Sothern, Sir Barry Jackson, and Sir Oswald Stoll.

The whole arrangement of this splendidly stage-managed event reflected the greatest credit on All Concerned, especially upon two of the chief workers and directors thereof, Frank S. Justins and Henry Tossell, both of whom performed wonders on the field.

The same evening a splendid representation of the whole of the ceremony was exhibited at Stratford Hippodrome. I mention this more particularly (for, of course, the picture was shown at lots of other places) because the Hippodrome presentation brought me into personal touch, after many years' separation, with that picture place's manager Waller Jeffs, whom I first knew as being connected as player, manager, and all sorts of other departments, chiefly with Johnny Toole and Wilson Barrett.

During my chat with Mr. Jeffs, in which we went over a good many mutual stage experiences, he produced and presented me with pictorial and other press proofs of a series of "talkies" produced in London and in Paris nearly thirty years ago. So you see the new "talkie," and even the ditto "singie" (as some now call it) are not so very new after all.

The startling thing about the Parisian "talkies," of which friend Jeffs gave me a quaint programme, was that no less a person than Sarah Bernhardt appeared in a "talkie" version of "the duel scene 'Hamlet.'"

The aforesaid Mr. Flower gave me a couple of very interesting reports and balance- sheets concerning the Memorial Theatre. From these "papers" (as they say on the stage) I gather that the British fund for this playhouse now totals £135,000 and the American fund for the same purpose has reached £116,000. During the ceremony Mr. Flower gleefully and gloatingly told me that he had a few moments before collected from a prominent American citizen —Mr. J. C. Neilson, to wit—a draft for £1,000. Mr. Neilson gave this cheque on the field, adding that his reason was that his wife, who was sitting there with him,

had previously given to Mr. Flower in America £1,000 on her own account. This was a happy touch in so universally renowned an event.

At the ceremony a roaring trade was done in copies of the local "Shakespeare Pictorial," which had issued a splendidly arranged tabulated scenario of all the events of the day, and also in a beautifully produced programme sold in aid of the new Theatre's Fund.

And now for some account of two of the very interesting performances which I saw given by the Bridges-Adams Players—namely, "Hamlet" on Monday and "Richard II." on Tuesday. The Hamlet on this occasion was George Hayes, and I may mention, for purposes of reference, that he was my eighty-sixth Prince of Denmark.

Mr. Hayes gave a really fine performance, pegged back a little only by occasionally dropping his rich and flexible voice. He showed dramatic force and fire without any touch of heaviness and pathos without stagey sentiment. His rather cheery face, however, seemed often out of keeping with the "dejected "haviour of the visage" of which the Prince speaks. This sometimes disturbing effect can easily be remedied by the actor wearing a small graceful moustache as so many of our Hamlets have done. Wilfred Walter was a very dramatic, yet natural, King and Dorothy Massingham was excellent as the Queen. Good scoring was made by Eric Maxon as Horatio and Gordon Bailey as the Ghost, who, however, needed a better make-up. That ripe comedian Roy Byford made a mistake this time as the First Grave Digger by using a broad dialect evidently intended to be Warwickshire. There was a good deal of promise in the Ophelia of Joyce Bland, but ever and anon the part was let down; also the actress was over-made-up in the mad scene.

On stone-laying night this popular company gave a really fine all-round performance of "Richard II." Again George Hayes enacted the name-part, gaining high praise, not only from the general audience but also from our best living Second Richard—namely, Sir Frank Benson, who sat near me. Mary Holder was very pathetic as the hapless young Queen and Wilfred Walter was powerful and picturesque as the "jauncing" Bolingbroke. These players have a splendid list of the Young Man from Stratford's works.

And now I venture to voice what seems to me to be a wise and splendid suggestion for the opening programme of this New Memorial Theatre. This suggestion was made to me during a long chat on the Shakespearean and other drama, which I had with that quenchless dramatic enthusiast and brilliant amateur acting Stratfordian lady, the aforesaid Mayor, at whose delightful truly rural house I had the privilege of staying during part of my visit.

Her Worship's idea for the aforesaid opening programme is that Sir Frank Benson should supplement his wonderful thirty years' work at the "Birthplace" by "producing" a gala performance. Also that all the available pupils of Sir Frank, most of them now among the biggest of London's stars, should appear thereat. It would indeed be a memorable gathering, for it could include (especially if at a matinée) such true blue Bensonians as Matheson Lang, Hutin Britton, Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton, H. R. Hignett, O. B. Clarence, H. O. Nicholson, Bernard Fagan, Lilian Braithwaite, Lyn Harding, and Henry Ainley. The last-named actor has already told me that he would feel it an honour on such an occasion to support "Pa" (as all Bensonians call Sir Frank) by "carrying a banner."

Surely such a performance would be agreed to by the new theatre's governing body and the Corporation. And also undoubtedly one could say with producer P. Quince, "Gentles, perchance ye wonder at this show."—*The Sunday Referee* (London).

Shakespeare for Beginners

There was a lugubrious Dane
Whose uncle's misdeeds gave him pain,
So he dressed like a rook,
And hobnobbed with a spook,
And drove his *fiancée* insane.

Young *Romeo* thought that his bride
Had poisoned her little inside,
So he killed himself dead;
"What a nuisance," she said,
"Now I've got to die too!"—and she died.

Said a merchant of Venice whose navy
Had gone to the locker of Davy,
"Though our contract entitles
The Jew to my vitals,
It's meat that I'm owing, not gravy."

A statesman of Rome, though no beauty,
Was really quite keen on his duty,
So he killed his best friend,
Who let fall, at his end,
The annoying remark, "Et tu, *Brute!*"

"It's scandalous," *Prospero* sighed,
"That my daughter is not yet a bride!
Lest the moment should slip,
I'll wreck *Ferdinand's* ship;
We must get her off somehow," he cried.

—*Punch,* Feb. 27, 1929.

To which the following are appended by an American professorial wit:

There was an old father who had
Three daughters—one good and two bad;
They all of them lied,
In the end they all died,
And their father, who first went quite mad.

A bold Scottish chief in the north, O,
Killed his King-cousin-guest, and so forth (O!)
He ascended the throne
(Which was then found at Scone)
But the thing wasn't strictly quite ortho—.

A lady washed up by the sea,
Put on trunks and pretended to be
A boy—got a job,
And began to hobnob
With a Duke, whom she married (Act V.).

When tired of lengthy Court dinners,
Prince *Hal* scuttled off to see sinners;
They drank tuns of canary,
And ate Ordinary;
(No place—The Boar's Head—for beginners.)

A villain (*Iago*) once made
His commander feel really afraid
That his wife loved another;
Though he hated to smother
The lady, he did so . . . *Bill* said.

A hunchback of shady renown
Got hold of Britannia's crown;
Three ladies swore madly
That he'd acted badly,
And an army of spooks called him down.

A gentleman married a shrew,
Which his friends thought a queer thing to do;
He whipped her and lamed her,
But finally tamed her.
(His tactics might interest *you!*)

In the mythical Forest of Arden,
Which was rather a wood than a garden,
A Duke lived in exile,
A maid hid her sex— (I'll
Not tell you the rest for a farden!!)

R. W.

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